

BONNIE SCOTLAND

The Land of Cakes and Plum Puddings.

THE SCOTCH NEW YEAR

Enthusiastically Observed and the Day Given Up to Fostering Domestic Harmony—The Customs of the Scottish People in Their Native Land at the Beginning of the New Year.

New Year's day is more enthusiastically observed by the canny Scot in his native land than in any other country. It is a day entirely given up to fostering domestic harmony and repeating the glorious gospel of peace on earth and good will toward men. No other period of the year is so potent as this with the Scot in healing the wounds of friendship and in warming the hearts of his countrymen toward his fellows. In the homes of the poorer classes the best of good cheer is spread, his dearest friends are invited and, whatever else may grace his table, the plum pudding, surrounded with mountain heather, and the inevitable haggis, are there, and if possible, a small keg of "mountain dew" is placed conspicuously in the center of the table. A bunch of mistletoe is not far off, and no guests are permitted to leave their seats until the keg has been emptied of its contents—customs strongly savored of paganism, without doubt, and handed down from heathen ancestors, who were, nevertheless, in their own time and way good men and true.

To the American cook nothing is more mysterious than a Scotch plum pudding, which all loyal Scotchmen insist on having on New Year's day. After the ingredients have been given out, too often when made by a novice the pudding has come to table in the form of a thick soup. It is a custom on New Year's day among a number of the country squire and wealthy farmers in the north of Scotland to organize hunting parties. On such outings the plum pudding is included in the bill of fare. Instead, however, of having the pudding made before starting out, it is customary to take the ingredients along, mix them and boil in a pot slung over a log fire at the camping ground. The writer participated in one of these hunting excursions, where a big, burly, killed Scotchman who had never made a plum pudding was delegated to act as cook. Before starting out he had carefully put the precious fruit, flour and sugar in what was called the "strong box." This likewise contained stores of powder, shot, caps, soap and various other et ceteras. On our arrival at a suitable camping ground Scotty was left behind to get dinner ready. After opening the "strong box" and eliminating all foreign bodies as carefully as possible the pudding was duly mixed, tied up in the cloth after the established manner and placed in the pot. Many a time was it taken out and its state examined by the point of the fork before it was at last, after boiling all day, pronounced thoroughly cooked. On the return of the party dinner was ready, which consisted of Scotch kail, a leg of roast beef, spuds (potatoes), haggis and green peas—and the pudding! No one who has not been restricted entirely to one species of food for a long time can form any idea of our crushing disappointment on tasting that pudding! On digging a knife into the heart of it we discovered that it consisted of caps, buckshot and lumps of suet. To spoil a plum pudding on New Year's day in Scotland is practically next door to committing a crime. On this occasion, however, the flasks were produced and the cook was soon forgotten in song:

A' Plumbs the prophet's son despise
An' a' sorrows be forgot;
Treason's in oor December puddin'
And death within the pot.
Auld year farewell thy days (I fear),
An' merry days ere dine,
But let us not forget the day
The puddin' ow'te brither fized.
Followed by the chorus:
Welcome be ye that arnie here,
Welcome a' an' mak dig cheer,
Welcome a' another year,
Welcome a'.

A custom which is generally observed by the working classes is what is called "first footing." At all hours of the early morning of the first day of the new year an effort is made to be the first to call on their friends at their homes. The one who is lucky enough to be first to catch his friend in is invited to partake of short bread cake and a nip o' whisky after the usual handshake and a "braw New Year." By the time he has made all the calls he can remember making, the first day of the new year is dawning, and Scotty can be seen sailing majestically homeward, his inner man filled with New Year's hospitalities. Those living in the country will walk many miles to bid a braw New Year to their friends in the city. It is no uncommon thing to see a family of five or six leave their home about 10 o'clock at night and walk three or four miles in a snow storm in order to "first foot" their relatives or friends living in the city. Very often they are disappointed in their surprise visits in finding the object of their journey was not at home.

On returning homeward, however, they will sometimes meet their friends whom they intended first footing and to learn that they had gone to first foot them, and vice versa.

The birth of the new year is announced in the town and cities by the striking of the local town hall clock on the hour of 12 and followed by the ringing of the church bells. It is soon after this that first footing begins. Long before the approach of 12 great crowds of people surround the city hall and eagerly watch the big hand of the clock as it approaches the last hour of the old year. Everyone in the big crowd has a bottle of some description in his possession. Immediately the big hand of the clock marks the first stroke of 12 every bottle is thrown simultaneously against the walls of the hall, followed by a tremendous crash. This is an ancient custom, but is now rapidly dying out. It is still practiced, however, every New Year's eve against the old walls of the Troch church in Edinburgh, the capital.

In the highlands the New Year is ushered in by the tolling of the auld kirk bell and the playing of bagpipes. In a clear, frosty night to hear this much maligned instrument played by a thoroughbred highlander among the hills and from a distance of a mile the notes are stripped of their harshness and seem to be wafted across to you by the clear atmosphere in one harmonious melody. It is really beautiful and inspiring.

New Year's day is observed as a general holiday throughout the country. The churches are open in the morning only, and in the large cities the day would seem like a Sunday were it not for that disturbing element, the saloon keeper, who always makes it a business point to keep open in Scotland on all public holidays, much to the annoyance of law abiding citizens.

ROBBERS' PRAISE

Addressed to a Plucky 'Frisco Broker, Old Man's Courage Won the Admiration of the Hold-Up Man. Footpad Did Not Shoot.

"I mean business; hand over that gold or you're a dead man." Thus spoke a business-like looking stranger as he thrust a pistol into the face of E. H. Neville, a money broker at 114 Montgomery street at 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Neville had just returned from the safe deposit vaults and spread out his trays with \$500 in gold for the day's exchanges.

"If it's shoot, shoot, but you get no gold," calmly replied Neville as he stood face to face with the man and only the narrow counter between them. Then Neville walked slowly down a few paces toward the narrow little counter gateway. The man edged along opposite, keeping the pistol presented full at his victim's face. As Neville reached to open the gate and come from behind the barrier the man looked full at him and, with quivering lip and trembling voice, said: "I cannot kill a man."

He lowered his weapon and turned toward the door. Neville accompanied him and at the entrance extended his hand. The stranger gripped it warmly and then said: "Don't follow me."

"I will not," was Neville's assurance, and the stranger passed out and disappeared along the sidewalk in front of the Occidental Hotel.

"I could have summoned the police," exclaimed Neville, after he had been pressed for an accurate detailed account of the affair, "but the man had every appearance of being a gentleman. He uttered no coarse word while in the place. He came and started talking about the price of English sovereigns, and I supposed he had come with some to sell. Then he suddenly drew his pistol, a small nickle one. He was no ordinary criminal. He appeared to be about 35 years of age, about medium height and wore a plain business suit and a short, dark, rather curly beard."

But this is not the most remarkable part of the affair. The attempted robber wrote a letter expressing his gratitude and thanking Neville for having prevented him from committing a crime. It was with much reluctance that the money broker, who is seventy-two years old and an active and much younger looking little man, would consent to the publication of the letter. He declared that it was altogether too laudatory of his simple act of resistance, merely the fevered expression of gratitude from a man laboring under strong feeling, and that he did not purpose to pose as a hero. This is the letter, written in pencil on plain cheap paper, within the hour of the attempted robbery and posted in the regular way:

"City, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1902. Mr. E. H. Neville, Broker—Dear Sir: I wish without delay to thank you for the magnificent display of physical and moral courage which saved to you your money, and at the same time saved me from what I now see would have been a disturbing memory through life had my plans been successful."

"I entered your place fully intending to get money or die endeavoring. I looked for resistance and should have fought my way out, reserving the last shot for myself; but your kind of resistance was something I never dreamed of. I did not believe that that kind of courage existed outside of fiction. I am glad I have met with a brave man. I could have killed a coward and would have died fighting had you drawn a weapon or made an outcry. Your calm courage in defense of a principle (I don't for a moment believe it was for the sake of the money) disarmed me. I might have taken my own worthless life, and may yet, but I honor a brave man. The names of military and naval officers are heralded all the world over for acts which would not compare with yours as a demonstration of courage, physical and moral."

"As to myself, no one can know the torture I have experienced seeing a little home slipping away by mortgage, my dear ones suffering actual hunger, at times sickness, death and poverty all around me. Made desperate by failure to secure a situation I have brooded over my troubles till you know the result."

"I have destroyed every evidence of identity on my person and should I be apprehended the coroner and not the sheriff will officiate. I have at last met that rarest of creatures, a brave man. I salute you."

"I feel sincerely sorry for that man," added Neville, "and I wish you would say that if he will call on me in confidence, believing his statement as I do, I'll try to help him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Performed by the Famous Father John of Cronstadt.

The *Novoe Vremya* has the following account of a miracle performed by the famous Father John of Cronstadt: "On the 12th Father John arrived at the village of Sopino, conducted service, and spent the night with Father Lvov. Next day he journeyed to Konchanskols and consecrated the new stone church there in the presence of fully 10,000 people. After this service a breakfast was given in the school and many speeches were delivered. In the midst of the breakfast two men and two old women were seen approaching the schoolhouse bearing the seemingly lifeless body of a woman. For seven years this woman had been paralytic, unable to move arms or legs, or open her eyes—was a living corpse. On their bringing her to him, Father John arose, stood before her and, asking her name, gazed fixedly at her. Then in a loud voice he bade her open her eyes. After several attempts Andotaya (the paralytic) did so. Look me straight in the face," said Father John, "and cross yourself." Slowly and with great effort the woman succeeded in making the sign of the cross. "Do it again," said Father John, "and again." With ever-increasing faith the woman repeated the movement. "Stand up," said Father John, and the woman arose. Then he moved from his place, bidding her follow. "Now walk around me," said Father John, and the lately seemingly dead woman slowly approached and fell on his shoulders. "Go and pray," said he, blessing the woman. On this she moved away without any help. All this took place in the presence of thousands who were unable to restrain their tears."

GLARING ERRORS

Fictions That For Centuries Have Posed as Facts.

HISTORIANS MAKE THEM

Why the Colossus of Rhodes Could Not Have Spanned the Harbor. The Force of Leonidas at Thermopylae—The William Tell Myth. As to Inventors and Their Claims Even in Modern Times Are Glaring Errors and Mistakes.

There have been woven into history many interesting stories that time and investigation have proved myths, but in spite of the efforts of the iconoclasts these mistakes of history still pass current with many people.

Probably one of the most affecting scenes connected with the making of literature is that described in the oft repeated story of the blind poet Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters. Dr. Johnson, however, has been quoted as denying it. He said, furthermore, that Milton never even permitted his daughters to learn to read and write.

A favorite "piece" with western and southern schoolboys on recitation and exhibition days was a set of verses telling of the heroic stand of Leonidas and his brave "300" at Thermopylae. The Abbe Barthelemy, who asserted that he had acquired minutely into the subject, wrote that, according to Diodorus, Leonidas had 7,000 men under him and that Pausanias gave the number of Leonidas' army as 12,000.

Did Cesar say to the pilot: "Why do you fear? You have Cesar on board."

Many trustworthy historians declare that Cesar never used the words quoted.

The inside of cigar box covers are sometimes ornamented with a picture of the Colossus of Rhodes, with ships in full sail passing between the outstretched legs of the gigantic statue. The pictures reflect the popular and what for centuries was the historical idea of the Colossus, which was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It may be interesting to know that all drawings of the statue are purely imaginary and, what is more, are modern, not ancient, efforts. The Colossus was erected in 305 B. C. The most trustworthy of ancient accounts of it is contained in a manuscript dating about 150 B. C., in which the height of the statue is given as 105 feet. The entrance to the harbor of Rhodes is 350 feet across, so that it was manifestly impossible that the legs of the Colossus should span the entrance to the port or that ships should sail beneath it.

As a matter of fact the Colossus was not built across the harbor, but on an open space of ground near it; but, for all that, it was a wonderful statue.

People whose sympathies are easily aroused have never over the wrongs of Belshazzar, the conqueror of the Vandals, who, many were taught, "begged his bread at the city gates" after having commanded victorious armies and been of much service to the state. The good old general was unquestionably an unfortunate and much abused man, but there is no proof that he begged his living at the city gates or elsewhere. Yet Van Dyke engraved him and David, the great Frenchman, painted him, and tragedies and romances were written around him in the belief that he did sit at the city gates a forlorn and disconsolate object with palm outstretched for alms.

The facts are, a conspiracy against the Emperor Justinian being discovered, two of Belshazzar's officers confessed under torture that the old general was in the plot. He was condemned without further hearing, his property sequestered, and he suffered imprisonment for six months. His innocence being established Belshazzar was released, and he died about a year later. But that he ever was reduced to the extremity of begging is declared to be absolutely untrue.

The schoolbook tale of William Tell shooting an apple from his son's head is also without foundation. In fact, Tell's name doesn't even appear in the chronicles of Zurich, and the most ancient writing in which the story is mentioned bears date some 200 years after the event it pretends to describe. The story is a variation of an old Scandinavian saga. A similar bit of "history" is related of William, of Clonsley, in England in the twelfth century.

It is denied also that Emperor Charles V, of Spain, on his abdication adopted the habit of a monk and occupied himself in the manufacture of clocks. It is declared that he never ceased to be emperor *de facto*, and he never surrendered control of affairs of state.

Coming down to later times, the people of three different countries claimed three different men as inventors of the steam engine. In America there is a popular belief to this day that Robert Fulton built the first successful engine and steamboat. In England the Marquis of Worcester, who published an account of a steam engine in 1663, has received credit for the invention. In France Solonot de Caus (1615) was regarded as the genius who had given to the world a new motive power. Each of them may have conceived and worked out the idea of a steam engine without the slightest knowledge of what had been done in that direction before their day, but none of them might rightly lay claim to being the first in the field.

On April 17, 1543, Don Blas de Garay launched a boat of 200 tons burden at Barcelona in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. The boat was propelled by steam and made ten miles an hour. She was called La Santissima Trinidad. The emperor gave to Don Blas a handsome present, but did not regard the invention as practicable, and nothing came of it. From this it would seem that Fulton was centuries behind the times.

Warsaw Barracks.

The barracks at Warsaw, erected by the Russian Czar to hold in check the unruly Poles, are by far the most spacious in the world. The guns in the walls facing the city could easily level the capital of old Poland to the ground, while the garrison maintained, numbering nearly 40,000 troops, could overawe any rebellion, unless the conspirators had aid from outside. The barracks cover some 5,000 acres in the highest portion of the suburbs. The barracks at Aldershot, England, are the second largest in the world, having accommodations for 20,000 troops and covering 4,000 acres. The Curragh barracks, at Kildare, in Ireland,

are in ten squares, each of which has sufficient space for an entire regiment and its officers.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT

Sends in Some Blank Verse, Which Is Very Good and Hits the Nail on the Head.

SOLILOQUY.

A written composition, reciting what it is supposed a person speaks to himself.—Webster.

I was very bad pool hool hool under the Democratic administration, but now I am very good, because it is generally accepted that I am a hot member of the Republican party, ha ha! I tried very hard to swipe Bushnell when he was running for governor of Ohio, even defied the civil service law to defeat him and elect Campbell, so that Abner's brother wouldn't be a candidate for President, but it was all in vain—"love's labor lost." I also tried very hard, as an adjunct to this effort, to reform the postal service on the Lake Shore railroad, and many of the old postal clerks, all Republicans, and some of them old soldiers, were removed on my recommendation. I knew how to work that trick, for I learned it with my uncle George when he was postmaster at Toledo. Uncle George and Uncle Henry—the "judge"—are both good Republicans now, and so are my brothers, Frank, Billy and Charlie—for revenue only, ha ha! I wonder if any of the papers are on file in the Post-office Department with my signature on them, showing how the railway postal clerks were removed—how easily I surmounted and vanquished the civil service law. I suppose they are, but now they are obsolete, and no one will ever unearth them, for I am a good Republican, and occupy a soft seat in the amen corner of the glorious old G. O. P.

When I came into my present office I found it necessary to discipline the letter carriers, particularly old soldiers, and I had them knocked down and dragged out of the service because they had been charging overtime several years before I came into the Free Delivery office, sixteen at Philadelphia at one blow.

In the year 1895 I saved \$250,000 and \$500,000 in 1897, all because no overtime had been made in these two years. I calculated those two years on the basis of former years and guessed the \$500,000. True, no money was saved, but the figures looked big in the *Congressional Record*. I felt proud to save so much money—on paper. See *Congressional Record*, March, 1896.

I am not a "figure-head," but when it comes to the test of making up reports, true or false, I can throw in the figures as rapidly as "bird shot out of a shovel," counting into the millions. I am a mathematical prodigy, one of Dayball's lightning calculators.

I can't imagine how the GLOBE ever found it out that Abner compelled Perry to withdraw my resignation. I didn't want to resign now, but those confounded, amazing admissions wrung from me by Senator Pritchard humiliated me into the mud; but it didn't seem to affect Abner, for he rather admired my innocent frankness. I am still doing business at the old stand, but if Abner should now drop me I am afraid Rural Free Delivery couldn't save me.

Rural Free Delivery, ah! that is my trump card. I am the originator, sole promoter of that graft. Old Colonel Sellers was right: "There's millions in it." I don't care what some people may think, or say, I believe judicious advertising and plenty of it, always pays, especially if it can be done at the public expense. Didn't Perry and I flood the country from ocean to ocean with our illustrated pamphlets—"Rural Free Delivery and how to obtain it?"

I hope no member of this Congress, or any other, will be silly enough to call on the Public Printer for an itemized bill of Rural Free Delivery printing. If he does none of the six millions I expect to handle next year will go to him. He may rest on that assurance now. It may be a little difficult to explain certain matters and transactions, but I have been in several tight places before, and always manage, through luck and nerve, to squeeze through. For instance, I may have to explain why some postmasters at distributing offices on rural routes are agents for the sale of farmers' letter boxes. I may have to explain, if I can, why a strong wooden box, made and put up by the farmer himself isn't just as good and secure as a galvanized iron box when neither is under lock and key. I will have to fortify myself on these points; but then, I have found in my varied experience that a smart lie, well told, is often more efficacious and convincing than the truth. I understand that part of it thoroughly. I have passed through the hopper in that mill more than once, and am ready for another grist. A. W. M.

NAPOLEONIC ROMANCE.

How a Louisianan Planned to Rescue the Deposed Emperor.

Was an attempt ever made to spirit Napoleon away from his heartrending imprisonment on the island of St. Helena? What was there in the dim story which comes out of the romance of the Louisiana domain a century after it passed into the possession of the United States that Monsieur Girod, a wealthy planter of New Orleans intrigued to rescue the incarcerated emperor?

These are the strange questions prompted by the story told by Mrs. Carrie Jenkins Harris. Mrs. Harris says that she discovered the basis for the belief that an expedition to rescue Napoleon was fitted out on the coast of Louisiana, near New Orleans, and was only abandoned when the news of the deposed monarch's death found its way to the vast Louisiana territory, which he had ceded to the United States nine years before.

From manuscript in the Congressional Library Mrs. Harris says she discovered indisputable evidence that Monsieur Girod, a rich planter at New Orleans, whose loyalty to the deposed emperor of the French amounted to a passionate devotion, built a mansion on the old St. Louis street in that city, fitted it up elegantly and kept it ready for the occupancy of a distinguished guest. To his most intimate friends it is said that he imparted the secret that a king was to dwell there.

At the same time that M. Girod commenced this house he bought a stanch ship, enlisted a number of soldiers and sailors and drilled them to scale rocky battlements. The object of the expedition was a secret one, but curious tales were related of it after the need for its mission had faded away. Everything was made ready for the sudden and swift sailing of the frigate, which had been manned with guns and other warlike equipment. Three days before the date set for the vessel to put to sea news of Napoleon's death was received in New Orleans. The expedition was, of course, forth-

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with abandoned, and a chronic melancholy took possession of his energetic and devoted champion in Louisiana.

Did the deposed emperor know of this effort to free him and bring him to this foremost city of the great domain his hand had signed away to the Western Republic? Is the question she asks. She concludes that it is reasonable to suppose that he was informed of this expedition and was prepared to co-operate with his American friends. He was a comparatively young man when he died, and it is suggested that if his life had been spared and he had landed in the Crescent City he might have made as many changes on the map of the Western Hemisphere as he did on that of Europe. The French Canadians, especially in Montreal, Quebec and Nova Scotia, would have rallied to his standard. Thousands of French citizens of the young Republic would have done the same. It is, according to Mrs. Harris' thinking, one of the "what might have been done" questions the world can ask.

An Informal Introduction

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo, he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning, he saw something which made him run across the street

and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda: "My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

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